"THE TRAGEDY OF THE MARSH."

Translated for the "Argonaut" from the French of O. Leman.

I tell the tale as 'twas told to me by Noel, keeper of the pastures, one day when I was duck-hunting on the marshes of Saint-Georges. We had beaten the prince's enclosure, Dick in advance, nose to the wind; Noel bringing up the rear, with my game-bag—which, alas! was not heavy—on his shoulder. The noonday sun fell perpendicularly upon our heads; the mosquitoes swarmed about us by thousands, first making their presence known by sounding a charge in our ears. The Seine—a long ribbon that unrolled itself in its passage around the hillside—glistened like a mirror before our eyes. On the opposite bank Quillebœuf, with its quay grown green through long and intimate contact with the marsh, its slate roofs scattered pell-mell around the old church, and its white lighthouse, like an advance guard, stood upright at the foot of the pier.

We were approaching the rushes with gun half-cocked and ear strained to catch the faintest sound. Suddenly I detected a rustling among the reeds.

"Hist!" whispered Noel; "watch attentively, but be in no haste." Thereupon, to my astonishment, he seized without ceremony the following-piece with which I had taken aim, "For God's sake, do not fire! It is crazy Jeanne!"

Through the tall grasses, which prevented my clearly discerning the object, I now perceived a white shadow reflected in the rippling waters. Soon a fantastic figure appeared on the other side of the rushes. It was of a still youthful woman, pale and emaciated, whose eyes glittered with that restless, lurid light which marks the prey of consuming fever. Hanging loosely from her waist was a skirt that had been originally white, but now it was bedraggled with mud. She wore, crossed over her bosom, a red shawl, while on her head, entangled in her heavy hair, was a bridal wreath—crushed and torn, and matted with grasses. She paused and gazed at us, took two steps forward with both arms extended, then paused anew. For an instant she stood thus, with fixed gaze, as motionless as a stature; then gave utterance to a strange cry, half sob, which awakened from its revery and put to flight a hugh heron that was sunning itself in a neighboring field.

"Come, be still, silly one," said Noel, in his harsh, rough voice, at the sound of which the poor girl gathered up her skirts with both hands, and pursued her erratic course toward Saint-Georges.

We seated ourselves on a neighboring hillock in the immediate vicinity, under the shade of the silvery willows, and, at my request, after having first taken a drop to restore cheerfulness, the keeper began his narrative, to the hoarse accompaniment furnished gratis by the frogs from out the ditch.

Jeanne's father [said Noel] is the host of the inn where you are now staying. Previous to her misfortune, Jeanne was universally considered to be the belle of all the country hereabouts; nor was there within a radis of ten leagues an inn more frequented than that of Pere Simon. The line of carriages drawn up in the courtyard Sunday after Sunday was a sight worth seeing. Calashes and omnibusses from Havre, conveying thither gay parties attracted to the inn by the fame of its *matelote*, hunters, equipages, with their liveried coachmen; to say nothing of traveler's gigs of every description, and heavy farm wagons, whose horses stopped of their own accord before the door.

Jeanne was the life and soul of the house. In the *salon*, where the villagers were wont to assemble in friendly converse over a cup of coffee or glass of wine; in the kitchen, where all absolutely glittered in its cleanliness; in the cellar, filled to repletion with its barrels of cider and rows of wine bottles. In short, everywhere her snowy cap was visible. She was ever on the alert that nothing might escape her eye or her ready wit, and was always ready to laugh at a good joke, which no one could better appreciate than herself.

Pere Simon, seated at his counter in the midst of many hued bottles, gathered in the earnings that cost him nothing but the trouble of clinking glasses with his guests.

To a pretty girl with a large *dot*, suitors, as a rule, are not wanting, nor would they have been to Jeanne but for the fact that every one was aware that her hand was already promised to Raymons La Thiele, the son of a neighboring farmer. They had grown up together, and long before either party was of an age to think of love, it was in understood thing that they were to be married as soon as Raymond should return from the service.

Would-be lovers were not slow to recognize in their successful rival a man of powerful frame, whose jealous disposition made itself known, when excited by anger, in the weight of his fist. Moreover—this most effectual preventive against counter-claims the father-in-law elect was possessed of thirty acres of sunny land, to say nothing of the finest pasturage in the country. The farm is just above the inn. You can see it from here, behind those poplars, bordering the marsh. The house, with its thatched roof and black cross-beams, was, however, but a sad nest for a newly-married pair, therefore Pere La Thiele had promised as a wedding-gift to build them a new house in the uplands—a house of brick and slate as are built in the city, the garden of which was to be laid off with graveled walks, and enclosed in an iron railing.

There was much visiting from the farm to the inn. In the evening, after the last guest had taken his departure, and the shutters were drawn, then the four adjourned to Pere Simon's kitchen. The two fathers—old soldiers—sat with the brandy bottle between them, and told each other stories—always the same—of other days; and the young people, within the shadow of the chimney corner, also told each other a story, which, too, was always the same—yet theirs was a tale as old as the everlasting hills. But Raymond was obliged to leave for the army. The evening previous to that appointed for the drawing of lots, Jeanne burned a fine wax candle, as a propitiatory offering. As a result of this generous sacrifice, her lover was conscripted for a single year only.

As may readily be supposed there was a sorrowful parting. Many were the kisses interchanged; again and yet again was the farewell uttered, only to be revoked with another kiss. When the last adieu was finally whispered, Jeanne cried and sobbed as though her heart would break.

But girls' tears are like rain-storms—short in duration in proportion to their violence. Jeanne doubtless appreciated the fact that weeping spoiled pretty eyes, and that work done with a sorrowful heart was drudgery. Be that as it may, at the close of the second day she was as merry and blithe as of yore. Again she sang as a thrush in the sunshine.

Explain who can why Jeanne, as good a girl as ever lived, betrothed to a fine young fellow, should in a few short days have forgotten the companion of her childhood to become enamored of a stranger, loving him madly, even unto death, for death only can end her misery, poor creature! Woman's heart is so constituted, they say but this solution of the enigma is not satisfactory to me, nor is it to many others who, like myself, have found this riddle insoluble.

Jules Delaporte was considered handsome by those who admired his style. For my part I do not like these pomatumed coxcombs, whose white hands are too nice for work. The first time that Jeanne saw him, his patron, the city notary, had sent him to Saint-Georges to transact a sale for the Marquis de B——. She was bewitched by him. What magic did he use? He merely seated himself in the inn, as you or I would have done, and emptied his glass without breathing a syllable, saying a simple "Thanks, mademoiselle," as she handed him his change. And yet she stood at the window watching him until he was hidden from view, not even then did she vacate her post, but for several minutes stood there dreamy and abstracted. After a short lapse of time he came again, and it finally ended in his coming regularly every Sunday. Those who heretofore evaded Raymond now experienced the delight of pitying him.

"And what about this fine Delaporte?" you ask; "did he reciprocate Jeanne's love?" It is my opinion that he valued beyond all else her *dot* and her father's broad acres, of whose actual extent and value no one was more competent to judge than Delaporte himself, for Monsieur Pielinot, his patron, was charged with the management of the affairs at the inn. To one whose entire fortune consisted of good looks and a black mustache, a wife with such a *dot* would indeed be a boon. The first time he broached the subject of marriage, Pere Simon became red with anger. For whom did he take him? Never had a Simon forfeited his word. And on the strength of this "never," emphasized with a heavy blow with his fist on the counter, Jules was ejected through the doorway—for the time being. The blow of his hand had set the glasses trembling, but it did not in the least shake Jeanne's resolution.

A few days previous to this occurrence Raymond had sent from Rennes a picture representing himself in his character of artilleryman. This photograph was indeed a work of art. The stripes of his pantaloons and the facings of his coat were painted red, and his big white-gloved hands were crossed on his sword. Pale with anger, she handed it to her father, saying:

"And it is this booby you would have me marry. Very well; I will answer you in your own words: never, never, never!" And she tore the card into pieces, thus venting her rage.

She was threatened with an attack of illness, and Simon yielded. That is the way with these fathers.

One evening M. Pielinot entered the inn in person. The notary spoke in a low tone, blinking his eyes behind his blue goggles; but as he was taking his departure, behind the half open door, the strained ears caught these words:

"They must be married—do you understand? I will leave him my office—do you understand?"

M. Pielinot's "do you understand?" was more effective than the most eloquent appeal. Pere Simon understood, and so did Jeanne, who immediately recovered her health and good spirits. When Raymond returned home, his term having expired, all was in readiness for the wedding, the day fixed, the music engaged. A scene was anticipated—some violent demonistration on the part of the jilted lover. His associates anticipated no little pleasure in being witness to so interesting a combat as the one in view. But, to the astonishment of all who knew him, Raymond received the news with the utmost *sang-froid*. He lost color momentarily, drank in a single swallow a large glass of brandy, then, changing the subject of conversation, spoke of the hay about to be harvested, and of the apple crop, which was unusually late. On the following day he went back to work, and accomplished more than any four men. Pere La Thiele, delighted to find him so calm, pointed him out to me as he bent over his scythe, and said:

"It takes the army to subdue a man's passions." He had feared evil.

Every year on the fifteenth of August, to inaugurate the hunting season, a party of hunters, duly equipped, scour our prairies. As I went before dawn, to prevent trespassing upon the count's enclosure, which on this particular day is never open to the chase, passing near the mill I encountered Jules, fully equipped, both gun and costume brand new, for he was as yet but a novice in the sport.

"You are early, M. Delaporte," said I.

"Am I the first?"

"It is to be hoped so, as it is not yet daybreak. With the three exceptions of you, myself, and that great bull yonder, who is regarding us so intently while chewing the cud, all the world is asleep, God be praised—that is to say, all the Saint-Georges world."

"So much the better." So saying, Delaporte walked off with long strides, and soon disappeared in the light fog that floated over the meadows. I then called to mind the fact that on the previous day I had pointed out to him a covey of snipe on the upper marsh-lands. Doubtless he thought to effect a master stroke and surprise them before day.

Near Pere La Thiele's I thought I detected something like a shadow gliding along through the trees and taking the same direction as that taken by Jules. "Another hunter," thought I to myself; "but no—no one but Jules Delaporte is such a simpleton as to beat the prairie before it is sufficiently light enough to see distinctly, at the risk of startling the game while yet unable to take aim with any degree of decision."

The new day had but just shown itself above the horizon when the first shot resounded in the distance. "My friend Jules," thought I, is frightening the ducks."

Soon all was astir on the marsh. The snipe, screaming with affright, set at defiance the unskilled huntsman by flying over his head far beyond his reach, whist the rail and curlew ran under the very noses of the dogs, secreting themselves in the rushes. On all sides the shots resounded, like a volley of musketry, until at sunset men and dogs, alike too weary to take another step, filed homeward, wet, dirty, and tired.

It was nightfall when, returning home, I met Pere Simon's stable-boy. He looked frightened and anxious. Monsieur Delaporte had not returned. Mademoiselle Jeanne, after several hours of anxious suspense, had set off, as though distracted, in search of her lover. The whole night was spent in exploring the prairies with the aid of lanterns. Occasionally we paused, thinking we heard a call for help. It was but a flock of curlew that, flying over our heads, pierced the black and still expanse of heaven with their mournful cry. It was not until daylight that Jules was found, there, sir, right there, opposite where you are now sitting, in the bottom of the creek, with his head buried in the mud, his arms extended, his hands already shriveled. At first it was supposed that he had been drowned; but after extricating him with no little difficulty, and removing the mask of mud from his face, it was discovered to be terribly disfigured, literally peppered with little black holes, from which had oozed streams of blood. His gun was found in the rushes within a distance of some thirty feet, with both barrels discharged.

Upon examination, the physician decided that the wounds had not been mortal, but the unfortunate man, blinded by the discharge, after having turned several times in his bewilderment—for the tracks of his footsteps were clearly discernible in the mud—had finally sunk in the quagmire, where he had died from suffocation, and the incoming tide had covered him over.

Jeanne regarded the corpse with that fixed vacant stare which you saw in her eyes just now. Then with a piercing scream she exclaimed:

"He killed him! It is he who killed him!"

The tone in which these words were uttered was heart-rending. The next instant she fell upon the ground insensible.

From that day the poor girl has been crazy. But the fever has pitied her in her misery, and will soon send her to join in the cemetery him whom she still seeks among the rushes.

"And the author of the crime?" I said.

"It was not a crime," Noel replied, shrugging his shoulders; "a simple accident of the chase, that was all—such, at least, was the verdict of the coroner's jury. Raymond, who was immediately acaused, brought witnesses to prove that at the time of the accident he was in town, whither he had carried a load of hay. It was afterwards recalled to mind that two young men, strangers to the rest, had precipitately withdrawn, after scarcely an hour's hunting. They were seen later, looking somewhat anxious and troubled. Some advanced the opinion that it was not improbable that, owing to the high rushes and the heavy fog of the morning, the involuntary author of the crime had gone his way, happily unconscious of the occurence."

"And you? What is your opinion, Master Noel?" said I.

"It is my opinion, monsieur, that the sun is sinking; therefore high time that we return home."

Scientific Scintelations.

One of the most ingenious theories concerning the original source and formation of coal oil says *Les Mondes*, is that which has recently been put forth, namely, that on the first formation of the earth, vast reservoirs of inorganic iron and carbon existed in the interior of the globe, and these were reached by the water condensing on the newly formed land, percolating beneath its surface. The heat decomposed the water into its component parts, oxygen and hydrogen, the first forming, with the iron, oxide of iron, the latter, with the carbon, petroleum and other hydrocarbons—and these in unlimited quantities.

The filling of porous hard wood is now occomplished, very perfectly, in the following ingenius manner: Boiled oil and cornstarch are stirred into a very thick paste, and a little japan reduced with turpentine added. For light ash, no coloring is employed; for walnut, burnt amber and a slight amount of Venetian red; for dark ash and chestnut, a little raw sienna; for bay wood, burnt sienna. In no case is more color used than is necessary to overcome the white appearance of the starch, unless it is desired to stain the wood. The drying requires some forty-eight hours, or until it is in condition to rub down with No. 0 sand paper, without much gumming up; for an extra finish, the same materials are used for again filling, but with less oil.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Domestic Recipes.

SWEET CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one cup of flour, one-half cup of sweet cream, two eggs, one teaspoon of cream-of-tartar, one-half teaspoon of saleratus. Season to taste.

HASH.—"Make a hash of two parts boiled potatoes, one part boiled beets and one part cold corned beef. Chop fine, mix; season with pepper and butter, add a little hot water to keep them from burning, and just before you take from the fire turn over a third cupful of vinegar with a teaspoonful of made mustard mixed with it. Mix thoroughly and serve."

FRIED CABBAGE.—Wash and slice a medium sized white cabbage and lay it in cold salted water for an hour. Put two heaping teaspoonfuls of lard into a large frying-pan and when the lard is melted, take the cabbage from the water, put it into the frying-pan with the lard, and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper; put a cover on the frying-pan and place it on the stove where the cabbage will cook slowly without burning; stir and turn it occasionally so that all parts of the cabbage may cook equally. When the cabbage is quite tender pour in two tablespoonfuls of vinegar and it will be ready to serve. Young, tender cabbage will cook tender in from 20 to 30 minutes.

FROSTING.—For frosting beat the white of two eggs to a stiff froth, add gradually half a pound of best pulverized sugar, beat well for at least half an hour, flavor with lemon or vanilla for fruit cake, or with rose, pineapple or almond for white cake. If the cake is rough or brown when baked, dust with a little flour, cut off all the loose particles with a cloth, rub on the frosting, pour it around the center of the cake and smooth off as quickly as possible with a knife. If the frosting is rather stiff, dip the knife into cold water. It is better to frost while the cake is still warm. Set in a warm oven for the frosting to harden.

For Woman's Eyes.

The newest valances for mantel-shelves have a large design worked only in the center, and, if there are curtains at each side, a corresponding design is in the corner nearest the fire. A design of large lilies or rich red peonies, or sunflowers on peacock-blue plush, looks most beautiful.

Gloves are worn longer than ever this spring. Black kid and black silk mousquetaire gloves are worn with colored dresses. The tan or chamois colored undressed kid or real chamois mousquetaire gloves is as much in favor as it was last.

To thoroughly rid a house of red and black ants, cockroaches, bedbugs, spiders and all crawling pests which infest our homes, take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water. Let it stand on the fire until the alum disappears, then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling hot to every joint and crevice in your closets bedsteads and pantry shelves.

A lovely tidy which will brighten up a dark chair, is made of two strips of shaded scarlet satin ribbon. Paint a little green vine and two or three daisies on the ribbon; between the two strips put an insertion of hand-knit linen lace; on the edge put lace knit in the same way, pulling it at the corners so that it will lie out flat. Of course torchon may be used for this, but the knit lace is a little later style.

Pink is the color for "rosebud" debutantes, either the favorite rose tint, seashell, coral, or shrimp. At a recent debut the mother wore pale blue satin, while the daughter's dress was of sea-shell pink. The mother's dress, however, was flounced and draped with duchess lace, while the rosebud's was softened with tulle plaitings.

Something About Lung Disease.

A statement was recently made in a European *Journal*, that arsenic smoking has been successful in the hands of some, in restoring consumptive persons to the fullness of flesh and to the soundness of health. This article, in consequence of the reckless and careless manner in which newspapers are "scissored" up, daily becoming more common, has been extensively copied, and without a warning may do injury. It is a fact smoking arsenic, or eating it, will give plumpness to the flesh, and so will porter or cod-liver oil; it will paint upon the cheek the ruddy hue of health, and so will good brandy; it will remove shortness of breath with astonishing promptitude, so will a plug of tobacco or opium, or a good draught of ether or laughing gas. We have no objection at all to the arsenic treatment, except that as soon as the patient ceases to use it, he dies; and if he continues its use, he dies anyhow, only more rapidly than he would with opium, cod-liver oil, porter or brandy. Let it not be forgotten, that no agent is curative of consumption which does not impart vigor to the digestion, and capacity to the lungs to use a larger amount of that which great nature has expressly provided for their nourishment, the pure air of heaven; and which, as every educated man must know, is the only thing in the wide universe which can put the finishing stroke to that which is then called "blood," the only thing which can perfectly unload the blood, when diseased or impure, of that which has rendered it so. We conclude therefore, that the best and safest remedies for consumption are pure air, sunshine, exercise, comfortable clothing and wholesome food.

The "spirometer" is rapidly growing into favor with our best physicians, particularly as a means of diagnosis of lung diseases. There is no doubt but its judicious use is decidedly beneficial, and not only to consumptives but to all persons, and particularly to those who have not an opportunity for frequent exercise in the open air, since it brings into action that large portion of the lungs which the air does not reach in the act of natural breathing. It in fac supplies food to the lungs.

The Normon Percheron Horse.

The great demand for heavy draft horses has stimulated the importation of this breed, and extensive studs are established for breeding. There are three breeds of heavy horses which have been imported for this purpose, viz.: The English draft horse, the Clydesdale from Scotland and the Norman Percheron. The last two are the most numerous, and the contest for supremacy between these two breeds has been warm and still increases. The name "Norman" has been given by the herd book association of that name to all horses imported from the various districts of France. It is claimed that this class of horses compose the breeding stock of all the north and west parts of France, varying in size but all heavy horses, the lighter being used in their native country for stage, omnibus or other work requiring action and some speed as well as strength and endurance.

This class of horses has been the dominant breed of the country for nearly 1,000 years, and are the decendants of the war horses of the Franks, greatly improved after the Norman conquest and later, receiving, it is claimed by some, a cross of Arabian blood.

These horses range in weight from 1,400 to 2,000 pounds, and have great action for their size. They are rather taller and more rangy than the other draft breeds. They seem to impress their character on the common stock of this country, as is attested from the sale quite frequently by unscrupulous dealers of half or three-quarter bred Normans, as pure bred.

The prevailing color is gray with a very few black, bay and chestnut. The first importation into the United States was made in 1839, but it was not till after 1860 that they were brought in any great numbers. The first stallion brought into this state was, we think, "Mare Antony," imported by W. T. Walters of Baltimore, and purchased by Senator Chandler for use on his farm near Lansing. At present their numbers are up in the thousands, the first volume of the register or herd book just published having over 1,000 numbers, and a call is made for a second volume. Probably 500 were imported during 1881.

How to Tell a Good Potato.

Here is a good place to impart what is secret to the vast majority of people, and it is one worth knowing. It is simply how to tell a good potato—that is, as well as it can be done without cooking it, for sometimes even experts are deceived. Take a sound potato, and paying no attention to its outward appearance, devide it in two pieces with your knife and examine the exposed surfaces. If there is so much water or "juice" that seemingly a slight pressure would cause it to fall off in drops you may be sure it will be "soggy" after it is boiled. These are the requisite qualities for a good potato which must appear when one is cut in two; For color, a yellowish white, if it is a deep yellow, the potato will not cook well; there must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not too much; rub the two pieces together and a white froth will appear around the edges and upon the two surfaces; this signifies the presence of starch, and the more starch, and consequently froth, the better the potato, while the less there is the poorer it will cook. The strength of the starchy element can be tested by releasing the hold upon one piece of the potato, and it still clings to the other, this in itself is a very good sign. These are the experiments made by experts, and they are ordinarily willing to buy on the strength of their turning out well, though, as stated above, these tests are by no means infallible.

At the Barber's.

"Do any of your customers ever fall asleep in the shaving chair?"

"Oh, dear, yes," replied the barber, flicking off an intrusive morsel of soapsuds. "That often happens in the cold weather, when men appreciate the warmth and comfort of the saloon after coming in from the street. When I see an elderly fat gentleman coming down the stairs with a toothpick in his mouth, I know I am going to have trouble, so I shave quickly and talk to him all the time, making remarks that call for a reply, and occasionally splashing the suds into his eye, or getting the shaving brush in his mouth. Of course he doesn't like it. But it's the only way to keep him awake. Worry him, sir, worry him all the time. Keep stirring him up. There are men, though, who will go to sleep in spite of me, lolling back in the chair, and drawing the skin of the throat so tight that it's almost a temptation to cut in to it. They shut their eyes at once, and only grunt when I ask if Guiteau has got a new trial, or cut a piece off them, or stick the brush in their mouth; but they're sound asleep when I have finished shaving them, and they get angry, and swear when I wake them.

"It is wonderful, too, how much trouble some of our customers take, under the impression that they are helping us. When a man takes his lower lip into his mouth, and draws the skin over his chin until it is as tight as a drum, he is adding considerably to our trouble, and the slightest carelessness on our part is sure to cut him. It is much easier to go over a loose skin than a tight one. Now, if you will just blow all that air out of your cheek I will shave you much quicker and more safely. Thank you. You'll look younger with your whiskers off."

"Belling" The Professors.

An illustration of the aptness of the average Yankee for managing men occurred many years ago at Andover Theological seminary, when the venerable Dr. Woods and Dr. Moses Stuart were professors.

It occurred to the students that the prayers of those distinguished professors at the seminary devotions were longer than was necessary, and how to remedy the difficulty was a subject of much thought and conversation.

No one was willing "to bell" either of the old professors. At length a committee of the students was appointed to confer with them.

The committee divided itself into halves, and at the same hour one part went to Dr. Woods, told him of the delicacy which the students felt about addressing Prof. Stuart on the matter of his long prayers at the chapel, and implored the mediation of Dr. Woods with the professor, to induce him to shorten his petitions.

The rest of the committee also conferred with Dr. Stuart to the same effect with regard to the prayers of Dr. Woods, and besought his intercession with the venerable professor of theology to abbreviate his chapel supplications.

On the departure of the committees, each professor instantly seized his hat and cane and started for the house of his associate.

They met midway, near the old Mansion House. Prof. Stuart, his eye dancing with fun, at once hailed the good doctor with the startling information that the students thought his prayers were too long.

And immediately Dr. Woods gravely quenched the sparkling light in the Hebrew professor's face by telling him that the students held the same views in regard to his petitions.

The two professors continued their walk and meditations. Both came to the conclusion that each of the offenders had been taken in his own net, and subsequently the chapel prayers were shortened, or else entirely relegated to the students.

Escaped.

George I. of England was a monarch of whom history has very little good to tell—and the same is too true of all the four English Georges. What small relief the following incident of character may seem to afford is probably due more to the King's laziness and weakness than to any magnanimity. Here is the story as told by the steward of the Duchess of Munster, who chanced to be present on the occasion.

The Eral of Nithsdale, a powerful and influential nobleman, was confined in the tower, under sentence of death for high treason. On the night preceding the day appointed for his execution, he contrived, through the assistance of friends, to make his escape. The deputy lieutenant of the tower, as soon as the fact was known, hastened away to the palace of St. James, to acquaint the king with it, and to vindicate himself as having been in no way remiss in his duty. The king was at the time engaged with a party of lords and ladies of his court, and fun and jollity ruled the hour.

Suddenly the officer from the tower burst in upon them, wild-eyed and out of breath.

"Vell! vell! Vat ish dat now? Ish dee ceety on fire, or ish dere a new insurrection?"

"Ah! Sire—the earl of Nithsdale has made his escape from the tower and we know not whither he is gone! Indeed, your majesty! I have not"——

"Ish dat all? Vell, I should have eshcaped, too, if I had been locked up in dat blace!" And then he added, in a lower tone, with hand at the side of his mouth, as though to shut away his words from the general ear, —"Look you, Mr. Lefdenant, you needn't be too diligent in searching for him; for it's an ugly peezness to haf on my hands!"

Then the king went on with his game, while the Earl of Nithsdale made good his escape out of the kingdom.—*Ledger.*

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir:*—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic Ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and, now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am perfectly cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours, WILLIAM RYDER, 87, Jefferson St. Buffalo, N. Y.

Captain Otis Whitcomb of East Swanzey, N. H., whose prototype on the dramatic stage has made his name familiar, is dangerously ill.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.

The city of Boston contains 41,926 dwelling houses valued at $4,013,000. There are, besides, 73 hotels and 147 family hotels in the city.

The original "Little Liver Pills" are Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," and are extensively imitated. They cure sick and bilious headache. Private government stamp with Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait mark the genuine. By druggists.

William Matteson, an Abbeville, S. C., colored farmer, who hadn't a dollar when emancipated, paid $5,500 in cash for a farm he bought at auction the other day.

Profit, $1,200.

"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness, costing $200 per year, total $1,200—all of this expense was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife. She has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it, for their benefit."—*N. E. Farmer.*

Perhaps Gen. Grant would do well to follow Jay Gould's example and show up his stocks. There are many rumors that he has been losing money.

New York Spirit of the Times.

The Way of the World.

The trite saying that "not one half of the world knows how the other half gets along" is exemplified in innumerable ways and instances. And this is not to be wondered at; for as the wourld grows older, and, we trust better, the increasing wants engendered by a progressive civilization render further division of labor indispensably necessary, even in the humbler avocations of life. It is a fact, recognized by all observing men, that almost every trade or pursuit induces some special disorganization of the system characteristic of such avocation, presenting the paradoxical result of a man killing himself, as it were, to live. Such being the disagreeable and unfortunate condition of affairs as related to human effort, it is very obvious that any means of warding off the very undesirable consequences referred to, must be a source of extreme joy and satisfaction to the toilers of the earth, as well as of vast profit, in the aggregate, to the activity and industry of the world. These observations were suggested upon recently hearing of a case of "water rheumatism," so-called. Any type of this dreaded disease is severe, and often agonizing. Its approach is sometimes insidious, but more frequently, however, it is the result of cold, and often develops in a few hours or days at most. It is surprising to consider how many people are afflicted with it, and how serious a tax upon their time and resources it is in many instances. No branch of industry seems to be free from its disastrous influence, as the following experience related by Mr. George Drake, 46 and 48 Oak street, Indianapolis, Ind., goes to show: "I am now, and have been employed in buggy-washing in a livery stable for two years. My calling requires me to be in the water for hours at a time, and I contracted what is called, in our occupation, water rheumatism. I used a dozen different remedies without any benefit, and was getting mightly discouraged when I noticed a reference in a local paper to an artical called 'St. Jacobs Oil.' I thought I would try a bottle, and did begin its use. I found it gave me immediate relief, and after employing four bottles of the Oil I am entirely cured. I have personly told my friends that are in the same business, and they all say that it is doing the same for them that it did for me. The complaint I speak of is a very severe one. When I began the use of the Oil I had laid off from work on account of the pains resulting from working in the water. I will continue to use the Oil, and I know I can work in water by its use all the ballance of my life without any bad results. This experience and information may be of service to others working in the same pursuits as that in which I am engaged, and I cheerfully give it for the benefit of all so situated." Wherever there are horses or carriages there must be an abundant use of water; and as already shown, one of the results of constantly working in the water is the disease called "water rheumatism." It is certainly a matter of especial congratulation not only for these workers, but for all workers—for all mankind really—that such an efficacious substance exists as the Great German Remedy. And we also have positive word and assurance from old and experienced horsemen that St. Jacobs Oil is the very best remedy ever introduced for the quick relief and cure of many of the ailments of "man's best friend," the horse. Thus, if double efficacy, so to speak, constitute an argument for the adoption of an article, this famous substance is most certainly entitled to full consideration.

William T. Smith, M. D., son of the late President Smith, has been appointed lecturer on anatomy and physiology in the Dartmouth Medical College.

A GOOD FAMILY REMEDY

STRICTLY PURE.

Harmless to the Most Delicate.

By its faithful use Consumption has been Cured when other Remedies and Physicians have failed to effect a cure.

JEREMIAH WRIGHT, of Marion County, W. Va., writes us that his wife had PULMONARY CONSUMPTION, and was pronounced INCURABLE by their physician, when the use of Allen's Lung Balsam ENTIRELY CURED HER. He writes that he and his neighbors think it the best medicine in the world.

DR. MEREDITH, Dentist, of Cincinnati, was thought to be in the last STAGES OF CONSUMPTION and was induced by his friends to try Allen's Lung Balsam after the formula was shown him. We have his letter that it at once cured his cough and that he was able to resume his practice.

WM. A. GRAHAM & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Zanesville, Ohio, writes us of the cure of Mathias Freeman, a well-known citizen, who had been afflicted with BRONCHITIS in its worst form for twelve years. The Lung Balsam cured him, as it has many others of BRONCHITIS.

AS ALSO

CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS,

ASTHMA, CROUP,

All Diseases of the THROAT, LUNGS and PULMONARY ORGANS.

C. S. MARTIN, Druggist at Oakley, Ky., writes that the ladies think there is no remedy equal to Lung Balsam for Croup and Whooping Cough

Mothers will find it a safe and sure remedy to give their children when afflicted with Croup.

It is harmless to the most delicate child! It contains no Opium in any form.

Recommended by Physicians, Ministers and Nurses. In fact by everybody who has given it a good trial. It Never Fails to Bring Relief.

Call for Allen's Lung Balsam, and shun the use of all remedies without merit and an established reputation. As an Expectorant it has no equal.

SOLD BY ALL MEDICINE DEALERS.

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. OFFICE, 33 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

(Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.)

The Great Horse Remedy,

Cole's Veterinary Carbolisalve

Will cure any case of Mange, Scratches, Cracked Heel, or Diseases of the Feet. It is the only preparation that will cure Cuts, Wounds, Collar and Saddle Galls, and Old Sores, and bring the hair in the original color.

Pound cans, $1. Small cans, 50 cents.

PREPARED ONLY BY

J. W. COLE & CO.,

Black River Falls, Wis.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, proper use of this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

KIDNEY WORT

SAW MILLS The Best & Cheapest. For Descriptive Circular & Prices write THE AULTMAN & TAYLOR CO., Mansfield, Ohio.

PATENTS R. S. & A. P. LACEY, Patent Solicitors, Washington, D. C. Our "Scientific Record Hand Book" and "How to Procure Patents" sent free.

EXCESSIVE use of liquor permanently cured by Leslie E. Keeley's Double Chloride of

Gold Drunkenness cure. New treatise, with testimonials, sent free. E. N. LEWIS, 163 Randolph st., Room 55, Chicago.

A Meteor That Made Mountains Tremble.

From the Helena Independent.

An enormous meteoric stone fell last night at ten o'clock, southeast of Fort Assinaboine, Montana, lighting up the surrounding country with the glare. The time which elapsed between its striking the earth and the report reaching here was nearly five minutes. The shock was like the report of a cannon, and the earth was shaken. Careful search to-day for a distance of several miles from the post reveals nothing. Taking into consideration the fact that sound travels one thousand one hundred and twenty feet in a second, it is estimated that the meteorite must have fallen fully fifty miles distant from Assinaboine. The shock frightened the people at Fort Benton and at Coal Banks.

Fruits and Vegetables.

Among scientific men who have made longevity a study, it is almost unanimously agreed that a fruit and vegetable diet is conducive to long life and perfect health. And it is among the vegetable kingdom that we find our principal means of restoring health to the invalid and strength to the weak. In olden times, when centenarians were common, and men of 60 years of age were considered youthful, herb doctors were the only physicians. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, with the exception of one ingredient, and that is Iron, is strictly a vegetable compound, and is not injurious to the most delicate invalid. Its effect on the general system is most wonderful. It gives real strength to every part of the body and its soothing effect in quieting the brain and nervous system, is most remarkable. Its principal ingredients are Yellow Dock, Sarsaparilla, Juniper, Iron, Buchu, Celery, and Calisaya bark. Where the disease is of an exhaustive nature, it quickly checks all decay. In cases of dyspepsia it does not act as a severe cathartic, but gives real strength to the digestive organs, and thus permanently cures this distressful disease.

John Wesley, the great Medthodist preacher, is accredited with the popular saying: "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

Mr. Samuel Dodron, of Loveland, O., writes: "I think I have cause to be glad. Afflicted for years with painful kidney troubles and chronic dyspepsia, I was induced to give Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla a trial. The very first dose seemed to reach the right spot. I don't know what a back-ache or sour stomach now is."

The queen's visit to Mentone has caused an unprecedented influx of English and American visitors into that delightful watering-place.

"The Doctor Told Me

to take a blue pill, but I didn't for I had already been poisoned twice by mercury. The druggist told me try Kidney-Wort, and I did. It was just the thing for my biliousness and constipation, and now I am as well as ever." Torpid kidneys and liver is the trouble, for which Kidney-Wort always proves to be the best remedy known.—Hartford Courant.

The Prince and Princess of Wales recently celebrated, on the 10th inst., the nineteenth anniversary of their wedding-day.

For the Complete Cure of a Cough, pains in the chest, difficulty of breathing, and all other lung diseases which tend to Consumption, you will find Allen' Lung Balsam a most valuable remedy. Cures have been made, which have astonished every one who witness its effects. Sold by all Medicine Dealers.

New York bulls point with pride to the fact that two pawnbrokers in that city have failed.

Let the poor sufferers from female complaints take courage and rejoice that a painless remedy has been found. We refer to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is prepared at 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Send to Mrs. Pinkham for pamphlets.

A little girl in New York asked: "Ma, if a bear should swallow me would he go to heaven, too?"

Pure Cod-Liver Oil made from selected livers on the sea shore, by Caswell, Hazzard & Co., N. Y. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the oils in market.

Dr. Tanner, the once well-known "faster," is living in Buffalo, and occasionally delivers lectures on the use of alcohol.

Are you bald? CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the only cure for baldness, has been improved, so that it is now the most delightful dressing in the world. The only real natural hair restorer ever produced.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their